

T H E

3

PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

B Y

C. C H U R C H I L L.

INSCRIBED TO

J O H N W I L K E S, Esq;

The F O U R T H E D I T I O N.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.

Dr. KING. Oxon.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR,

And Sold by G. KEARSLEY, in Ludgate-street.

MDCCLXIII.

THE
PROPHECY OF ISAIAH

SCOTT'S PASTORAL

BY
C. CHURCHILL

DESCRIBED TO



JOHN W. & S. B.

THE FOURTH EDITION

Containing many new and recent facts, observations,

Dr. K. G. G.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

and Sold by G. B. B. in London.

INDUSTRIAL

And rain would speak, but can't—without a Mass.

T H E
PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A
SCOTS PASTORAL.

WHEN CUPID first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;

B Trembling

2 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a MUSE.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak LARDELLA lies—
Green moss, her couch; her canopy, the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the *roguish* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.
Herds lowe, Flocks bleat, Pies chatter, Ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair LARDELLA with a glass,
And ZEPHYR, to compleat the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But

But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
 These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed ;
 Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds awe,
 Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law,
 Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
 And founds his merit on our servile fears ;
 Then we discard the workings of the heart,
 And nature's banish'd by *mechanic* art ;
 Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown ;
 Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
 Then OSTENTATION marches to our aid,
 And *letter'd* PRIDE stalks forth in full parade ;
 Beneath their care behold the work refine,
 Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line.
 Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
 The robes of Antients with a Modern air,
 NONSENSE with *Classic* ornaments is grac'd,
 And passes current with the stamp of TASTE.

Then the rude THEOCRITE is ransack'd o'er,
 And *courtly* MARO call'd from MINCIO's shore ;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
 Easy and free as if they were at home ;

NYPHS,

4 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Nymphs, NADADS, NEREIDS, DRYADS, SATYRS, FAUNS,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in GREECE and ROME,
More fair revive in ENGLAND'S meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes, unknown to *dowdy* Nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards, like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if *plain* COMMON-SENSE her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some Ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall MASON bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of FOLLY'S wing;
In LOVE'S PAGODA shall they ever doze,
And GISBAL kindly rock them to repose;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* most true—
At once their patron and example too—

Shall

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 5

Shall *quaintly* fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some DRUID's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* streams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For *apt* ALLITERATION'S *artful aid*;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill*,
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poesy, and *ambling* wit,
TASTE with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, NATURE, art *my* goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—*hence* slavish awe

C

Which

6 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair NATURE's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdued,
However plain her dress, and haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the Goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where, undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not ENGLAND owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and STUARTS without end,

When

When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize our state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the HOLY MARTYR found?

Nor less our debt in SCIENCE, tho' denied
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the RAMSAYS, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence HOME, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no *dull* DEAN was there;
Thence issued forth, at great MACPHERSON'S call,
That *old, new, Epic Pastoral*, FINGAL;
Thence MALLOCH, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,
Of CHRIST and LIBERTY, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards, which, in a *pious* reign,
All *daring Infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft

8 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Waft me some muse to TWEED's inspiring stream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,
Where on the surface Lead, like feathers, swims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a SYRIAN bath'd in JORDAN's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *English* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where HONOUR, slave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool;
From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *Friendship's* summons will my WILKES retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that *antient* seat,

That

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 9

That *ancient* seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, *long before the world was made*?

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of Kings.
Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee GOOD-HUMOUR tempers lively WIT,
Enthron'd with JUDGMENT, CANDOUR loves to sit,
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,

10 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Or starves at home, or practises, thro' fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here:
When *Scriblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And, injur'd by one alien, rail at ;
On *Northern Pisgab* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd, page:

The *Scots* are poor, cries furly English pride ;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to encrease their own,
If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd, more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should REASON take alarm,
And e'en the *Muss* for public safety arm ;

But

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 11

But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by PAUL's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
" Into our places, states, and beds they creep :"
They've sense to get, what we want sense to keep:

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men, *call'd* PATRIOTS, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide ! which gave a parent birth.
But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heav'nly TRUTH presents her friendly clue ?
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in ?
To make the oath, was rash ; to keep it, sin.

Backward

112 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
 And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
 Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
 Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
 Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
 Or to pure faith, like LYTTLETON and WEST)
 Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
 To raise new trophies to the SCOTTISH name,
 To make (what can the proudest Muse do more ?)
 E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore,
 To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhimes,
 In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

“ Presumptuous wretch! and shall a *Muse* like thine,
 “ An *English Muse*, the meanest of the nine,
 “ Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain
 “ Expect indulgence from the mighty THANE?
 “ Should he from toils of government retire,
 “ And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
 “ Should he, of sciences the moral friend,
 “ Each *curious*, each *important* search suspend,
 “ Leave *unassisted* HILL of herbs to tell,
 “ And *all the wonders of a Cockle-shell*,

Having

“ Having the Lord’s good grace before his eyes,
 “ Would not *the* HOME step forth, and gain the prize?
 “ Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
 “ The humble brows of one in *England* born,
 “ Presumptuous still thy daring must appear;
 “ Vain all thy tow’ring hopes, whilst I am here.”

Thus spake a *form*, by filken smile, and tone
 Dull and unvaried, for the LAUREAT known,
 FOLLY’s chief friend, DECORUM’s eldest son,
 In ev’ry party found, and yet of none.
 This *airy substance*, this *substantial shade*,
 Abash’d I heard, and with respect obey’d.

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
Discretion beckons to an humbler scene,
 The restless fever of ambition laid,
 Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
 Now be the *Muse* disrob’d of all her pride,
 Be all the glare of verse by *Truth* supplied,
 And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
 Which BUTE may praise, and OSSIAN not disdain,
 OSSIAN, *sublimest*, *simplest* Bard of all,
 Whom *English Infidels*, MACPHERSON call,

E

Then

14 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Then round my head shall honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave.

Two Boys, whose birth beyond all question springs:
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottish* lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
The mountain top with usual dullness kifs'd,
JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

JOCKEY, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art, could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;

SAWNEY

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 15

SAWNEY as long without remorse could bawl
HOME's madrigals, and ditties from FINGAL.
Oft at his strains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Higbland Lass* forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she *scratch'd* her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her SAWNEY's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in ruffet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

16 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
 Too sparing of her favours, nature gave ;
 That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride)
 Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
 Their snares *without* entangling briers spread,
 And thistles, arm'd against th'invader's head,
 Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
 Thistles now held more precious than the rose,
 All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
 Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
 Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
 Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
 Creatures which, when admitted in the ark,
 Their Saviour shun'd, and rankled in the dark,
 Found place *within* ; marking her noisome road
 With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated Toad ;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
 And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies ;
 In quest of food, Efts strove in vain to crawl ;
 Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall ;
 The cave around with hissing serpents rung ;
 On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung,
 And FAMINE, *by her children always known,*
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here,

The PROPHECY of FAMINE. 17

Here, for the fullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The Boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds ev'ry day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and, with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sitb to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *emong* yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry *roundelay*?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

S A W N E Y.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this.

F

Sooner

18 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces cloath these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a filly swain;
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, must be endur'd.

S A W N E Y.

Full filly swain, *I wot*, is JOCKEY now;
How did'st thou bear thy MAGGY's falshood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Did'st thou forswear thy pipe, and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

JOCKEY.

O she was *bonny* ! all the Highlands round.
Was there a rival to my MAGGY found !
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine, which we Brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which, in I know not what far country, grows,
Was MAGGY unto me ; dear do I rue,
A las so fair should ever prove untrue.

S A W N E Y.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did JAMIE find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when JAMIE, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
JAMIE, when our young Laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

JOCKEY.

Full sorely may we all lament that day:
 For all were losers in the deadly fray.
 Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
 Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
 Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
 Two in the field, and three on gibbets died;
Ab! filly swains, to follow war's alarms,
Ab! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad
 In all the honours of our ravish'd *Plaid*,
 Saw the FERRARA too, our nation's pride,
 Unwilling grace the aukward victor's side.
 There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
 Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still survive,
 To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus

Thus plain'd the Boys, when, from her throne of turf,
 With boils embofs'd, and overgrown with scurf,
 Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
 Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
 Pale FAMINE rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
 Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
 Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
 Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
 Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
 Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
 With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
 Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
 Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
 She op'd, and cursing swallow'd nought but wind;
 All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,
 Making their way by force, her bones lay bare;
 Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
 O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.

Cease, cried the Goddess, cease, despairing swains,
 And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
 Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;

G

Like

22 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
 What was rejected by the lawful heir;
 Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
 Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
 Long free, because the race of Roman braves
 Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
 Then into bondage by that nation brought,
 Whose ruin we for ages vainly fought,
 Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
 The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
 Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
 A mass till the last moment left behind,
 Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
 Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
 Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
 But never enter'd in Creation's book;
 Branded as traitors, who, for love of gold,
 Would sell their God, as once their King they sold;
 Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
 These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still,
 But times of happier note are now at hand,
 And the full promise of a better land:
 There, like the *Sons of Israel*, having trod,
 For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,

like

G

A

A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat Beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And *Scotsmen* reap, what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes NATURE cannot rise,
ART shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging LABOUR strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
TRADE shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's, all the toil; and all the profit, our's;
For us, the Oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;

24 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

The fail of COMMERCE for our use unfurl'd,
 Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
 For us, sublimer heights shall science reach,
 For us, their Statesmen plot, their Churchmen preach;
 Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
 And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
 Devouring WAR, imprison'd in the north,
 Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp, break forth,
 And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
 Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
 Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
 And Desolation stalking in the rear,
 Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
 He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
 Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
 And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
 Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;
 Already big with hopes of future sway,
 E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
 Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
 Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,

In

In the rough face of peril must be fought,
 And with the lives of thousands dearly bought;
 No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
 Which laughs to scorn the blund'ring hero's heart,
 Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
 With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When ROME, to prop her sinking empire, bore
 Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
 What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
 Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
 Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
 And, scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age;
 When, for our interest too mighty grown,
 Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
 What if we strove divisions to foment,
 And spread the flames of civil discontent,
 Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
 And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
 When restless GLORY bad her sons advance,
 And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
 What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
 By which our nation never shall be bound,

26 The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty, and Sense,
When they against their lawful Monarch rose,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppose,
What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
And strove the Royal Vagrants to repalce,
With fierce rebellions shock th' unsettled state,
And greatly dar'd, tho' cross'd by partial fate;
These facts, which might, where wisdom held the sway,
Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain.
Bless'd with that *Faith*, which mountains can remove,
First they shall *Dupes*, next *Saints*, last *Martyrs* prove.

Already is this game of fate begun
Under the sanction of my Darling Son,
That Son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame,
His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight,

Shall

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Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
DISCORD, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own flesh the furious Hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air,
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted LOYALTY to guard the door,
For better purpose shall Our Chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her PEACE.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak ENGLISH help themselves to cheat,
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the STUART race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
TORIES or JACOBITES, are still the same;
To sooth our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their Saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their WILLIAM's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they commit

(Our

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(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side,)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their Love.



Where her own faith the nations might have seen,
And vent her ends to the world's eye;
Where, that she never in the world of men,
He planted forward to the world's eye;
For better purpose than to be a name,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Famine.

Let by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat,
To gain our love, with hollow words and grace,
The old traditions of the great men,
Who taught our no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same;
To loath our rage, the tempting blood,
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their saviour's venom'd falsehoods flame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (the argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they continue